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FOUL MASSACRES!

An original poem, by Rev. W. H. Brooks, read at the Bethel Literary, Tuesday night, November 13, 1883.

"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

When at thy feet I bow and kiss the dust,
In reverence unto thee, as to a god;
When to thy gold, and dire unbridled lust,
I sacrifice the fairest of the pure,
Through schemes of thine, conceived against my race;
When as a simple menial, I'm content
To live for thee, and ask no higher place
Than that which thou, my lord, assignest me.
Then I'm as honest, wise, discreet and good,
As any of a peasant class can be,
And all the South agree, 'tis understood
No man my garden patch shall harm, nor me.

But when I think contrary to thy thought,
And dare esteem my thought as good as thine
When in an argument with thine 'tis brought,
And show the strength and courage of a man;
When I refuse to stoop to what in thee
Is base, or brook thine insults and thy wrongs;
When for my race, I ask the liberty
To live, to move, and have our being here
In spite of all thy prejudice and hate,
Thou deemest me a vile, seditious cur,
A menace unto thee and all the state,
And wishest I and mine in hades were.

Nor does this wish of thine suffice thine ire.
With torch, with deadly weapon, and the lash,
Thou and thine equal mates in crime conspire
To drive me here in exile, or to pierce
With fatal shot, this frame, in which there dwells
A spirit born and blest of Very God.
Nor thinkest thou the hottest hell of hells
Too fell for thine own mother's son, if he
Attempt to do me justice, as a man.—
O heartless thing! each murder'd innocent,
Through whom thy ball or venom'd dagger ran,
For vengeance cries; and be it quickly sent.

Go get thee to thy pharasaic priests
And clergymen, who wink at murders dark;
Who praise as "great and godly men" such beasts
As thou, and say:—when next they come, to tell
The northern host of godly folk, how vile,
How ignorant and poor are all the blacks
And profit by the tale, the North shall smile,
And ask them hold their peace, till from their pews
The blood is cleansed of Afric children slain.
Go get thee to the men, who pray, but smite
Not, when thou smitest them. 'Tis plain,
O, wretch! Jehovah will their battle fight.

Thus, Frank, the black; and thus the Southern lord:
Thou art beside thyself. Thy freedom makes
Thee mad. When unto thee we do accord
Thy due, and treat thee kindly—clothe thy poor,
Nurse, shelter, feed thy aged kin, and pay
Thy debts—ingratitude and insolence,
And bondage unto blacks, and men who play
The part of modern despots in this land,
Is the reward that 's meted unto us.
We love thee—in thy place—and all thy kind,
But when the states, without, or yet with us,
Thou aim'st to rule, no mercy shalt thou find.

Clothed with a pow'r for which thou art unfit,
Which is not thine of right, nor given thee
Through love, but hate for us, thy little wit
Thou taxest e'er, that Vandal hordes of blacks,
And Huns of whiter skin than thine by far,
May, with some Attila in lead, consume
Us by their base misrule. But heav'n's each star
Shall cease to speak its Maker's praise and drop
Ere we, while life remain, permit each state
Whose gray-clad heroes fell, but live in fame,
To sink, to rise no more, beneath the weight
Of thy corruption and thy party's shame.

We kill not blacks because we bear them hate.
'Tis freedom for ourselves, the right without
Dictation from a pauper class, whose fate
Must e'er be one of want and servitude,
To rule the land we own. Who of this right
Essays to rob the better class, and live
Upon our precious gains, may any night,
Or yet upon the public streets at noon,
Confront a man, all craz'd with thought of wrongs
Which long he bear, that shall appease his ire.
By adding to the disembodied throngs
That spirit, with one flash of rifle fire.

He'd scarcely ended, ere the black began:
How arrogant, how cruel, and unjust
Thou art, and all thy fierce infernal clan!
Thy lands were purchased with the blood and toil
Of driven slaves, the millions vast, who still,
By half requited toil performed for thee,
Thy coffers, and thy children's children's, fill.
Thou would'st be one with lords, regarding not,
As is the case, the law that holds thy kind
The equals with the rest, whate'r their lot.
'Tis this that prompts thy bloody reign.—O blind,
Proud flend! thy judgment lingers not.

The parley ended, but they parted mad,
Each toward other bearing burning wrath.
Hard, bitter lot, poor Afric child, and sad
Is thine in our pretended Christian South.
Thy neighbor love as thou dost love thyself
Can find in hearts, with crimes and murders filled,
No lodgement e'er. Such hearts for paltry pelf
And long desired offices, would hack
Thee into tiny bits, or lifeless throw
Thee to the dogs. O, land of murders foul!
Thy shame, thine infamy all earth shall know,
And thou, 'neath God's avenging wrath, shall howl.

ADVENTURES IN FLORIDA.

I first went to Florida in the winter of 1873. Like all persons in search of health, I sailed up the St. John's river. After beholding a palmetto in all its glory, I was eager to see an alligator in all its pristine purity. For two hundred and thirty miles I kept a bright lookout along the banks of the St. John's. It was early in January, and the weather was chilly. I landed in Enterprise, on Lake Monroe, without seeing a saurian. They were in winter quarters, hidden in the mud at the bottom of the river. If the negroes are to be believed, each reptile has swallowed a lightwood knot by way of ballast, and would not reappear until the weather became warm. I saw the first alligator a week after my arrival in Enterprise. I sat in the stern of a blue boat trolling for southern bass. July Jenkins, a venerable Ethiopian, was pulling the oars. It was a day of sunshine. We were nearing the mouth of Woodruff creek, when July stopped rowing and eagerly murmured, "Dah's a gatah!"

I looked up a small bayou and saw a long, black object stretched among the reeds and lily pads, perfectly motionless. He looked as if he wore a coat of mail. "He's dead, July," I said.

"Oh, no, sah,' was the reply. "He'm only asleep, I reckon."

"Back up the boat," I said. "I want to look at him."

The boat was noiselessly backed up the bayou. The monster gave no sign of life. He was fully eleven feet long. I had taken in my spinner, and was handling my rod like a horse-whip. "'Fore de Lord, don't be brash," murmured July, "dah's a heap o' compreduction in a gata." I could not believe that the reptile was alive. If he were breathing, his flanks ought to show the motion of a bellows. When within six feet I prodded him under a fore leg with the lancewood tip. All doubt vanished. The reptile jumped as though a torpedo had exploded beneath him. He took in the situation in a second. Reeds and lily-pads flew in the air, and he landed slap against the gun-wales, throwing me partly overboard, and covering the frightened negro with mud. The water was shallow, and as the monster slid under the keel, the boat was careened, the freedman's hat went overboard, and an oar was thrown ten feet away by a wipe of the serrated tail. I clambered back into the boat, and saw a curved line of bubbles marking the reptile's course from the bayou into the lake. I had seen an alligator in all its pristine purity. "I knowed dat gatah was asleep, sah," said July in a tone of reproach, as he fished for his hat and broke for the stray oar. We resumed our fishing, but the old gentleman pointed out no more alligators, although he undoubtedly saw half a dozen. On our return to Enterprise, Capt. Tom Reeves heard of the adventure, and made inquiries as to location and position. A week afterward he was pulled up to the dock, with the cayman trailing at the stern of his boat.

Within a fortnight I was strolling along a fringe of lilypads, near the mouth of the Wekiva, and saw a six-footer plastered against the opposite bank of the river in profund slumber. Shoving a cartridge into a Remington rifle, I got out of the boat, braced myself against a live oak, took deliberate aim at the reptile's neck and fired. A cloud of snowy herons arose from a marsh behind me, but the alligator did not stir. "Dat ah gatah's a good sleepah, sah," said July. "Dat ah shot done gone clean ober him, I reckon." Again I steadied myself against the live oak, and a second report rang over the water. I heard a crashing in the canes behind me, and saw a huge saurian rushing for the lilypads like a train of coal cars. He had probably been watching me from the time I landed, and had been startled by the second crack of the rifle. As he went into the river a small tidal wave rolled over the lilypads, and a school of large bass which had been hiding in the shady recesses beneath them darted to and fro in terror. The six-footer on the opposite bank of the river remained as quiescent as iron. After three additional shots we crossed the river and held a post mortem. Three bullets had entered the reptile's body, and two had glanced from the plates of mail. The first bullet had apparently broken the vertebra just over the shoulders and had killed him outright without a spasm. We heaved him into the boat and returned to Enterprise in triumph. A crowd of darkies and pilgrims gathered around. Earnest Mann, of Bayonne, N. J., heard the story with much interest. "Why" said he, at its conclusion, "that's the same alligator that I killed two days ago. If you look under the left fore-leg, you'll find the mark of an explosive bullet."

A month later I visited Lake Jesup with Judge Emmons, of Jacksonville. The Judge was a wonderful marksman, as full of fun as a magpie; but he was getting old and his eyesight was failing. One day we killed a monster on the edge of a marshy canebrake. He had splendid teeth, and the Judge wanted to secure them as mementoes. The painter of the boat was tied to the reptile's leg, and we towed him across an arm of the lake to solid ground. A small ax was borrowed from the house of a "cracker" near by, and we concluded to decapitate the prize, boil the head and remove the teeth. The body was so large that we could not draw it upon the shore. A stake was cut and pointed and driven through the jaws of the reptile, pinning him into the mud. The water was probably two feet deep. The Judge drew out a sheath-knife, and was about to make an incision, when he was cautioned by a barefooted negro, who stood on the bank watching the operation with curious eyes.

"Better git shut o' dat ah gatah, shuah," said he, "twill he done gone dead."

"Oh, good Lord!" exclaimed the Judge, "he's been dead an hour. If he was alive do you reckon he'd allow us to drive a stake through him?"

"No gatah am dead till de sun am gone down," the darkey observed.

The Judge laughed and passed me the knife. I inserted the blade in a bullet hole near the shoulder and cut a gash in the flesh and followed the trend of the diamond shaped scales beneath the skin. Judge Emmons stood near the monster's tail. The knife penetrated the quivering flesh and was stained with blood. As quick as a flash the tail shot from the water, and the Judge was knocked fully ten feet.

The reptile raised its head, stake and all, and sailed out into the lake like a submarine battery. Judge Emmons lost his glasses, but was, fortunately, unhurt. The incident, however, convinced him that it was dangerous to fool with a dead alligator until after sun-down.

In the winter of 1875 I was encamped in the great Turnbull swamp, ninety miles south of St. Augustine, hunting deer, bears, wild cats, cougars, and wild turkeys. There was a great drouth, and the savannas and swamps were dry. Scores of alligators paraded the dry savannas in search of water. One day Capt. Frank Sams and Tom Murray, two well-known guides, rode past the encampment. They were looking for sour orange stubs, with the intention of transplanting and grafting them. A hundred yards from camp they reined in their horses on a burnt savanna, and began to shout. Snatching a double-barreled gun, I ran out on the savanna. Their horses were prancing around an enormous bull alligator, who had crawled out of the dry swamp, and who was headed for the Hillsborough river. He was confused by the shouts of the guides and the prancing of their horses, and I approached him unseen. Stealing behind him, I ran a long palmetto splinter in his eye. He turned lumberingly over the blackened stubble, and the guides struck at him with cow hides. Driven to wariness, he crouched close the ground, puffed out his throat, opened his cavernous mouth, and made a noise like the rushing of a wind. A moment afterward I discharged a load of buckshot into each eye. The monster shuddered and stretched himself in the agonies of death. Capt Sams dismounted and buried his ax in the reptile's tail. The vertebra was severed, and he was no longer dangerous, although there was still life in the tail. It moved slowly, and uneasily, like the tail of a wounded snake, and the guides declared that it would not die until the setting of the sun. At intervals the cayman roared like a Central Park lion. Toward night I went to the swamp to mark the roosts of wild turkeys. The day was oppressively hot. I was returning toward camp long after dark, when I found myself upon the burnt savanna. To my surprise the whole savanna seemed alive and moving. Nearly worn out with exhaustion, I fancied that my head was reeling, a sure sign of malarial fever. The phenomenon was quickly explained. A thousand buzzards were in the camp near the great alligator, waiting the light of day to secure their prey. A year afterward I found the skeleton of this saurian, and knocked out its teeth. The savanna was then covered with water a foot deep.

In the following winter I was shooting plumed herons on the great savannas at the head of Indian river. My guide was the well-known Judge Connor, once a Methodist clergyman. One morning while riding over the vast prairie on horseback, we met an alligator longer than the moral law. "Shoot him," said the Judge.

"Oh, no," I replied; "I don't want to kill him. The report of the gun will scare every heron within a mile, and I shall get no plume."

"But, Lord blast my buttons," said the Judge, "he eats my hogs and young calves on the range. Shoot him."

"No," I answered, "I have come twenty miles for plumes, and I don't intend to go back without them."

"Well," said Conner, "you're the first Yankee I ever saw who won't pull a trigger on a 'gator."

"I'll take a look at him anyhow," I said, as I hitched my horse to a palmetto midway between two creeks. The grass was high and rank. As I walked toward the reptile he raised himself on his four legs, opened his jaws, puffed out his throat like a bullfrog, and made a noise like the humming of a buzz-saw. I stopped ten feet away and stamped and shouted. The Judge sat upon his horse watching the proceedings. The alligator did not quail. On the contrary, he squailed close to the ground, and began to creep toward me as a cat would creep toward a mouse. Walking back to the palmetto, I gathered five or six of its huge dried fans, held them toward my body, struck a match and set them ablaze. The ugly monster watched me like a dragon. I held the fans down hiding the blaze, and marched toward him. His huge mouth was open, and looked like a newly bricked tunnel. Within reach, I suddenly raised the fans and thrust the blazing mass in his throat. He closed his ponderous jaws, turned pale, and ran. Lighting a fresh fan, I ran around him, setting the coarse, dry grass of the savanna on fire. He was encircled with flames. He raised his body gazed at the fire with bloodshot eyes, and then shuffled himself into the wet sand, and calmly awaited the result. There was a fair breeze from the northeast. In three minutes the fire had swept over him, burying him in the blackened grass. He remained as he had planted himself. I went through the smoke and reached him with the barrels of the gun, but he did not move. He seemed to doze; possibly he had fainted. I remounted the horse, and we rode off. A hundred yards away we looked back. The monster had recovered, and was traveling leisurely over the smoking savanna toward a little stream that pours into the head of Indian river.

Two years before this I had visited Lake Worth, twelve miles below Jupiter light. At that time Charles Moore, a jolly beachcomber, was the only person living on the shore of the lake. We went through an arm of the everglades, and deposited our camp equipage and provisions on the hard land at the northeast end of the lake. The sand was fringed with huge rushes. We had hauled our boat over the strip of sand separating the waters of the lake from the everglades, intending to run down to Moore's cabin before sundown. The wind, however, died away, and we concluded to camp for the night. We found a cleared spot in the scrub a hundred feet back from the shore. Ridge poles and crotched posts indicated that it was a favorite camping ground for the Seminoles. On returning to the beach I found a twelve foot alligator crawling toward our bag of pork. A score of companions were anchored off the rushes, and one or two were following in his wake. On hearing my footsteps the old fellow turned and faced me. Our guns lay on a chest within three feet of him and so we were cut off from our base of supplies. Moore and Hammond, a Pennsylvanian, who had pre-empted land on the lake, joined me. We shouted and heaved ridge-poles at the savage scoundrel, but it was no go. He held the pass, and his companions were moving on to the pork. Something must be done, or we would be left without provisions. My eyes fell on a bed of dried palmettoes that had been used by the Indians. To gather and set them ablaze, was the work of a few seconds. With the flaming mass we advanced on the great lizards. In the light of the blaze they retreated to the lake. We suspended the bag of pork from a tree that hung over the bank, and in the morning the sand looked as though a rebel brigade had been throwing up trenches.

The inlet connecting the lake with the ocean had been closed by a bank of sand thrown up in an easterly hurricane. On this bank I encamped for a week. Schools of spotted bass, snappers, groupers, croakers, and white drum had been shut in the lake by the closing of the inlet. At high tide the water from the ocean percolated through the sand, and the fishes swarmed to the bay to get a taste of the fresh salt water. While fishing here I discovered a huge alligator regarding my movements with apparent interest. As he seemed civil and not evily disposed, I threw him in a twenty pound bass, and he ate it with a relish. For six days he remained near me, reaping a harvest. He at last became so tame that he stationed himself thirty feet away, and received his fish with evident pleasure. Nor did he act the hog, or display any ingratitude. He took only the fish that were thrown to him. At one time a vicious bluefish snapped the line above the float, and a huge white drum ran off with the bait. I followed the float in a boat and secured it. When I returned the old alligator was at his station, and a pile of choice fish that I had reserved for myself were undisturbed.

Superstition About Thunder.

Almost all the tribes in the United States believed the thunder to be produced by the wings of a great bird, and that the lightning was the serpents that were invariably connected with the thunder bird. Among the ancient tribes of the Mississippi valley, the thunder, therefore, soon became a thunder god, who could be propitiated with sacrifices. The Illinois Indians offered up a small dog when a child happened to be sick upon a day when there was much thunder, supposing the latter to be the cause of the malady. Many incidents like conflagrations were attributed to this angry god, and some tribes did bloody penance of propitiation, after burning to death their own children. Statements that the Indians adored the thunder, however, seems to be erroneous. It was the cause of the thunder that they worshipped, and before which they burned tobacco and buffalo meat, or cut off the joints of their fingers, or threw their children into the fire when they were overcome with fear. The Peruvians had as an idol a stone which had been split by the lightning. They offered it gold and silver. The natives of Honduras burned cotton-seed when it thundered. Other southern tribes made no sacrifices on the approach of a storm, but abased themselves in the most abject fear. The wild rice, being aquatic and looking like an arrow or spear, it is also attributed to the thunder spirit as its origin. In Mexico great temples were built upon the sacred spots where lightning had struck. A curious notion among Peruvians was that the preserved bodies of twin children who died in infancy should be worshipped, supposing that one of them was the son of the thunder, the origin of the idea being the fact that the thunder-god of that people was one of the celestial twins of Apocatequin and Piquerad. This tradition was utilized by Pizzarro's missionaries to teach the Indians the doctrine of the Trinity.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM.—Take one generous pint of milk, one scant half cup of flour, one cup of sugar, two eggs. Let the milk come to a boil. Heat sugar, flour and eggs together; stir the mixture in the boiling milk. Cook from ten to twenty minutes. When this is cool add one quart of cream and one small cup of sugar.

For the chocolate flavor, while the mixture is boiling, if you like a delicate flavor, take one square of Baker's chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of water. Put them all into a fry pan. Stir over a hot fire till it is smooth and glossy; then turn into the boiling mixture. Should you like it strong double the amount of chocolate, being careful to have two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each square of chocolate.

If vanilla is to be used as the flavoring extract use one tablespoonful; if pineapple use one scant teaspoonful.

LET US PUT OUR MITES TOGETHER.

BY LE DUKE

That co-operation is the principal element of success in communities, that it is the very secret and mainspring of civilization, the basis of all great enterprises, we cannot doubt. Our telegraph lines, our steam-navigation and railroads, our banking houses and mercantile enterprises are all the product of co-operation and wisdom. Without co-operation we would indeed be in a rude state; we would have no society, no schools, no anything which makes a nation proud and great Without co-operation we would have no constitutions, no laws, no marriages—no children, no nation, no people. Everybody would live by himself and for himself in supreme selfishness with no protection, relying upon the policy of, "God for us all and the devil take the hindermost." Up to this date the colored people, as a class, have not been characterized as having a disposition to organize. They are said to be 'clannish," but to 'huddle together" is not to organize. It is not even necessary to be together to organize. In Indiana, in 1863, the white unionists organized an army of 7,000 soldiers, for home protection, and yet only four were seen together. And when they were called out for duty every man was in his place and the army marched in true martial style as well disciplined as the flower of Sherman's boys in blue. They were not clannish nor did they 'huddle," but there was an *understanding*, the gist of organization, together with a full appreciation of the ends to be subserved and accomplished. It is high time we were organizing. It is high time we were reaping the results of co-operation. We possess all the necessary elements and incentives. We have a cause; we have numbers and we have all the means necessary to form a grand organization looking to the alleviation of the sufferings of our people and the securement of our full political, civil and social rights. Just now we have a peculiar cause. Our brethren in all parts of the south are being massacred because they dare to express their political opinion. Their lives, their property and their prospects are being taken from them. Their condition is but little less deplorable than in the dark days of slavery. They are denied the right of seffrage, denied all those rights and privileges which are attached to acknowledged manhood and are given a "place" far below that occupied by the whites and *made* to occupy it. It is our duty to organize, to co-operate, and to devise some means by which to ameliorate the condition of our brethren.

The recent massacre at Danville—one of the most unprovoked, bloody and heartless which stain the pages of American history—will give us an ensight into the deviltry and hatred of the whites and the low price set by them upon the lives of the colored people. If we are men, if we love justice, if we retain any traces of race pride, if we have any regard for the future of our race, we should set to work about inducing and desisting the colored people to find shelter from the storm of hate an persecution.

We should form associations for the purpose of removing such families as desire to go, to the West where they will find lands and friends. Let the colored people hold a meeting, form a committtee composing men whose reputation for honesty and earnestness is unquestion, whose duty it will be to accept contributions from the colored people for the purpose of defraying the travelling expenses of emigrants and securing to them such comforts as shall be necessary.

I shall refer to this matter again

Most men are more willing to indulge in easy vices than exercise laborious virtues.

ANTHONY BOWEN SCHOOL BUILDING.

BY ARGUS.

If I mistake not, Le Duke, has reminded the trustees of the necessity of providing safe school houses for the pupils of the District, and although that gentleman or lady, (as the case may be), affords some very good reasons for what he advised, the trustees have not seen fit to heed his warnings. What Le Duke fails to accomplish is hardly worth while for me to undertake; but Le Duke's failure may have grown out of the fact that he did not continue harping on the same subject. Now in most things trustees, like all other officials, are very hard to move, (though it may be that some ex-trustees can attest to the powerful effects of persistency), and it requires a good deal of harping to make a trustee 'tumble.' I am urged on by the belief I entertain of the good results of keeping it up. Anthony Bowen school building is a perfect fire-trap. The plan upon which the building was constructed must have been devised by one utterly ignorant of what constitutes proper accommodations and facilities or else one who was criminally reckless as to the consequences of an ill-constructed building. It may be well to say in extenuation (if any extenuation in such a case is permissible) that the Anthony Bowen building was the first building constructed by authority of the trustees and in this connection, it might be said that perhaps it did not make much difference to the trustees whether the building was a fire-trap or not; for perhaps they thought that the outlay, moderate as it was, was extravagant, considering that "colored" children were to be accommodated. These considerations, while they may palliate, do not remove a serious responsibility either from the original trustees or the present regime. In the first place the partitions are nothing but wood and plaster. This is a great misfortune for, considering the fact that the outer walls are brick, the failure to construct brick partitions tends to weaken the building and make a horrible catastrophe the more probable. In the second place the main stairway is constructed with no view to safety in case of fire, the distance from the bottom step to the door being but three feet, the door opening from the inside. Should a fire or panic occur in the building, it would be difficult to calculate the horrible consequences which would result. The pupils would rush down the steps and block up the small space between the stair and the door and prevent the door from being opened. This would be obviated if the distance from the steps were greater or if the door opened from the outside. Besides this, there is a stove just under the step which threatens the destruction of the building and the lives of hundreds of children. These defects should be remedied at once; for should a fire or panic occur in the building and on account of defects in construction the lives of teachers and pupils be sacrificed, the trustees would not escape censure. The responsibility rests upon the trustees to see that proper accommodations are provided for the children and the patrons desire that they should act accordingly. My advice is, trustees do your duty.

We should try to find the golden mean, and neither be lavish nor stingy. He has his money best spent who has his last with [illegible] The husband may earn [illegible] the wife can save. Sole Agent for District of [illegible] scending [illegible] real [illegible] till [illegible] house [illegible] A good [illegible]

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SPECIAL.

We have moved from 609 Louisiana Avenue to Rooms 45 and 46, 3d Floor, St. Building, Cor. of F and 9th Sts., N. W.

Those desiring the editor on business can find him in Room 45 from 12.10 to 12.25 and any afternoon, from 4 to half-past 5.

THE "GRAND OLD PARTY."

Revolutions, however slight, have their effects on men and parties. They set men to thinking. They excite a sense of insecurity, and are the cause and effect of progress. They make nations tremble and fear, but such manifestations are only the prelude to the assertion of full manhood and a change of idea which will result in a corresponding change in governmental policy and political affiliation.

But such changes must be wrought by the process of development. Nuclei must be formed, around which a sentiment will be formed for the basis of new parties. And such new parties must be led by great, good men, whose principles are sound and the wisdom of which is so plain as to elicit the interest and co-operation of the masses. When these new parties are formed, it will behoove the colored people to be up and doing. Until then, their duty is plain. At this time there are but two great political parties (and there can never be more than two *great* political parties). The one—the Democratic party—is our enemy; the other, the Republican party—is our friend. And it will not require much argument to show these relations. The Democratic party, whose master and dictator was the slave Oligarchy, and are *now* the same sentiment which formed the basis of it, has made a history for itself. Its laws, which blacken the statute books, its sentiment which established caste and made the slave traffic permissible, if not legal, its opposition to emancipation, to enfranchisement and political equality, its disregard for the rights and liberties of the colored people and their lives and property; its abhorrence of "nigger dominance," of the right of the majority to rule, its defiance of law, of Federal power; its tyranny, its villainy, still wet with the blood of innocent victims; its hatred toward the colored people and its disposition to perpetuate the prejudices, which found their root in condition, long after the reason for such prejudices fails—form less than a page of its political history.

The Republican party on the contrary has always been the friend of the colored people. The spirit of the Republican party is co-eval with the government itself. It was manifested in the opposition on the part of Dr. Franklin, in 1787, to considering slaves as "chattles and property," and in 1833 in the publication of the "Emancipator," which declared in thunder tones the cruelty, the sin and the public wrong of holding property in man. It opposed King Cotton and declared the supremacy of the constitution. It opposed the extension of slavery into the territories. It declared itself in favor of emancipation, and to test its sincerity offered up hundreds of lives and millions of property in behalf of freedom and justice. It emancipated the col- ve him laws and constitu- a view to the political , to ics those grand principles of equality which form the basis of our government. It passed a Congressional Civil Rights Bill, it passed *state* Civil Rights Bills in New York, Pennsylvania and other states, and now proposes measures which will secure, beyond *judicial cavil*, to the people of the United States, without regard to race or color, all the rights and immunities to which they are fully entitled.

This is the history of the two parties. Will it be difficult for us to choose between them? Can we be in doubt as to the course to be pursued by colored voters? We think not. It is manifestly the duty of the colored voters to support the Republican party. To it should we be grateful for our present political condition, and toward its success should we contribute our votes, our influences and our means. We do not wish to be understood as being obsequiously grateful to any party; but in the light of favors bestowed, and in the hope of favors yet to come, we deem it our duty to do all we can to help the "grand old party," and by our suffrages, wisely and freely given, snatch its banner from the dust of humiliation and place it above the power of tyranny and disgrace. Let us do our duty in this regard, and should we find in the future a new party, more suited to our desires, we can support it with no misgivings, and look back upon a career characterized by zealous devotion to right and duty, and a full appreciation of the demands of the times.

WELL DONE.

We congratulate our contemporary, the *Hub*, on the eminent services it has performed in the late gubernatorial campaign. We read with interest its warnings and its wholesome advice to the colored voters of Massachusetts. By the organization which the *Hub* was instrumental in securing, the colored voters have profited, and have seen another forcible manifestation of the mighty power of co-operation. It is co-operation which the colored people lack most, and if the *Hub's* example is followed the day will soon come when the colored people will act as one man, when it comes to passing upon their rights and liberties and sustaining or defeating political parties.

Think of it!

There were ONE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND ONE colored voters registered in Danville and only THIRTY-ONE voted at the last election! This discrepancy between the registration and the vote as polled is due to the murders and intimidation of the whites. And this is the "land of the free and the home of the brave," where every state is guaranteed a republican form of government. A sad commentary indeed!

After the very able and elaborate report, relative to the Stevens Building submitted to the Board Monday night, the charge cannot be maintained that our Trustees are indifferent to the needs of our children. By the way, is it merely a coincidence that a motion to adopt the report was supported only by our colored members?

We are pleased to know that our old friend, Josiah T. Settle, has been elected to the legislature, of Mississippi, on the Greenback ticket. Mr. Settle is an eloquent and able man, and will shake the Bourbons up lively. It is amusing though to see a colored man elected on the Greenback ticket. Well, anything but Bourbonism.

Judging from the tone of the *Gazette* it is emulating the *Lemars Sentinel* in its mischievous crying down of the Negro. Not only does its regular correspondent pursue this course, but its editorials keep the same track. Still the *Gazette* claims to be a republican paper, a supporter of John A. Logan—if we correctly read between the lines.

Does it not know that catering to the vile prejudice against he Negro, who, by the way, did not bring himself to America, is as mischievous as it is unpatriotic?

Editorial Correspondence.

We must not forget to say a word about the colored schools of Portsmouth. We found in the finest building erected by public funds in Virginia for colored children, more than five hundred pupils under the tuition of only five teachers. Rev. E. H. Bolden, was principal, with forty pupils, Israel Norcom, with fifty pupils, Miss —— Elliot with more than a hundred, and Miss Gracie Rowan with an enrolment of two hundred and twenty-eight. The discipline is much better than previously under the white teachers we found there some years previously; the attendance is more than double, and the methods of instruction more modern. In Mr. Bolden's room there were class-recitations in reading and the constitution of the United States. One lad, with a head which Daniel Webster might have envied, began at the preamble and kept on repeating article after article until he was told to stop. It was not a mere matter of memory, for a few questions showed that he understood the salient points. In the room of Mr. Norcom a class of beginners were grappling with the perplexities of the English sentence. Miss Elliott, a graduate of Hampton, equally redeemed the reputation of her *alma mater*, the natural as well as the scholastic one, while Miss Rowan in her general exercises shows that she has profited by the instruction which in her childhood she obtained from pioneers from New England. One thing the colored people of Portsmouth should do, and that is, continue to disturb the Board of Education until all the other four rooms in the building are equipped and opened up for pupils. Misses Elliott and Rowan, are between them, forced to attempt *the work of five teachers*. Such overwork is ruinous on the teachers and not promotive of the best results from pupils. It may be objected that the additional expense cannot now be allowed, but it is poor economy indeed. It would be wiser to dismiss, at least one-half of Miss Rowan's and one-third of Miss Elliott's pupils, if no more teachers can be employed, than let them continue as now. We throw out this hint to the Virginia *Baptist Companion*, for it to follow the matter up.

—Speaking of the *Companion* gives us an opportunity to say that its office, located in an eligible part of the city, is well fitted up and thoroughly equipped up with facilities for news, job and book printing. We met Rev. Armistead, the proprietor, and found him exceedinlgy *companionable*. J. W. C.

Our Nebraska Letter.

Mr. Editor:—Pressure of business and the eagerness with which I am reading Hon. George W. Williams' History of the Negro Race, have prevented me from collecting any important news from our state. Nor have I been able to talk with any of our more thoughtful people in regard to the late decision of the supreme court on the civil rights act, or to get any other's views aside from my own. Of course, the decision will not effect us in this state in the least, as our state constitution was drafted, as were most o our laws, after the passage of the civil rights act, and all were made to harmonize with that and with a view to give every man "equality before the law."

Neither do I believe that that decision will damage us, at this time, anywhere over the country; and especially will this be so if we are determined that it *shall not*. And we ought to be so determined, for we are a part of the Government and are responsible in part for such a state of things. But we must do as you suggested in one of your former issues, "look to ourselves;" and this means a great deal when we consider that we are voters, and that it is our imperative duty to elect men to the halls of legislations that will fairly and faithfully represent us.

We must prepare to meet the conflict manfully and with a view to thoroughly crush the demon of prejudice which is trying to hinder our progress and carry on its dehumanizing influences upon us.

We must continue the work of education and the acquisition of property, real, personal and corporate, and get in a condition to retaliate sometimes, if necessary; for I believe in an occasional retaliation upon tyrants. Justice will come when it is found that we are in earnest. Character, pluck and energy are what we need, and if we have those we shall not yet feel troubled about such a decision upon a vague constitution.

Our people in Lincoln are holding secret meetings and making speeches, but the nature of them has not been made public. While I am not a friend of secrecies, particularly, yet I am exceedingly glad to see even this evidence of progress of our Lincoln neighbors. I shall visit the city in a few days and shall try to find out whether anything of importance to us all has been decided upon. Election passed off quietly, and great interest was taken, but no reliable returns have been made yet. Republican victories are always easy. I. B. B.

Brainard's Musical World.

Some capital illustrations and portraits are found in the current number of the *Musical World*. A charming likeness of Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, with a brief sketch of her musical career, is a pleasant feature; a fine engraving of the French Opera House, New Orleans, and a beautiful full-page copy of a celebrated oil-painting, "The Forgotten Chord," are strikingly attractive. The miscellany, correspondence, news, gossip, editorials, etc., are excellent, and of much interest to all who love art. The music comprises a new waltz-song, "Sweet Roses;" a ballad by Cowen; selections from the new opera, "Prince Mathusalem," and other fine pieces. Price, 15 cents per copy; $1.50 per annum. Ask your news dealer for it. S. Brainard's Sons, Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

—The Cadets go into their new quarters, 7th and O-streets, next week. Full particulars of this splendid hall crowded out of this issue, but will appear in our next.

MORE FROM THE NEGRO PROPHET

The antagonism and open riot in the recent Virginia election between the whites and blacks shows again that "irrepressible conflict" between the races which must always exist so long as an attempt is made to keep them on an equal footing within the same territorial bounds; and emphasizes the necessity, which many are now beginning to see, of a geographical separation of the races. Mahone is only one of a class of political hypocrites in the south who have sought and will hereafter seek to use the Negro as a means to secure political power for themselves, but whose course will only tend to increase race prejudices and bring the Negro into greater degradation.

The prejudice of race, whether of Caucasian against African, Caucasian agains Mongolian, or whatever else, is ineradicable, so long as the diverse races are kept together, and the only way to freedom, safety and developement for each race is through separation. The people of the Pacific slope have been made to realize this with reference to the whites and the Chinese, and the people of the south must in time see that the same policy applies to the whites and Negroes.

Education, so much talked of, cannot remedy the social and industrial condition of the black man. It only serves to make him realize his true status and makes more galling his bonds of subserviency, which no constitutional amendments or civil rights bill has been sufficient to loosen.

The presence of the Negro at the south, in view of the difference between north and south on the Negro question, is an obstacle to the introduction into southern states of northern enterprise and capital, now so much needed there. The invention of a successful cotton-picking machine, the product of which was exhibited at the Louisville Exposition, will certainly be followed, in the natural line of improvement, by other machines, all tending to reduce the demand for mere manual labor at the south, and to lower the price of wages there. The work of the Negro not only in the cotton field, but elsewhere, will be supplanted by machine work and there will be no alternatives for him but starvation or emigration. Let Congress provide a fund and set apart a territory for those who are now willing to go, (and their number is daily increasing) and it will not take long to demonstrate that the highest happiness and the most exalted possibilities for the Negro can be best attained by a separation of the races, and that such separation will also be of benefit to the white. Certain it is that the Negro finally must go, and the sooner he makes up his mind to it, the better for both races.

J. N. Niles,
1212 R st. n. w.

For and on behalf of the Indemnity party.

West Washington News

There is to be a marriage on the 20th inst., between the Rev. John F. Waters and Miss Victoria Butler of West Washington.

Rev. John F. Beckett, of Wilmington, Del., paid a flying and surprising visit to his parents on O-st, near 37th, on Friday evening and returned on Saturday morning. He presented the appearance of health and looked to be from the fields of plenty.

The ladies of Ebenezer church have recently recarpeted their church which presents a beautiful appearance. They gave on Monday an excellent supper, the proceeds for painting the church.

The Bethesda Literary Association held their hall on Thursday evening last. The question was, Is it best for the colored people to emigrate to the far West? which was discussed by Mr. M. Clark in the affirmative and H. W. Hewlett in the negative. The subject was continued until the 14th for a general discussion.

Died—James A., the 4-year-old son of Sandy and Ella Donaldson, at their residence, 28th-st near P, Wednesday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

The infant son of Joseph and Maggie Dorsey, on Dunbarton-ave and 28th-sts, Wednesday at 3 o'clock.

We regret to report the death of Rev Wm. Hicks, of whose illness we spoke in our last issue. He died on Thursday of last week at his residence on O-st between 28th and 29th.

His funeral was preached in Mt. Zion M. E. church on Monday the 12th inst, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. and from his large and favorable acquaintance drew together an immense concourse of friends from different portions of the city to pay the last tribute of respect to one, who has lived for the right and died for the same. There were also a large number of ministers from Baltimore, Virginia and other sections who assisted Rev. Mr. Carroll to conduct the funeral services.

Rev. Edward Murphy preached at Mt. Zion Sunday morning; they are still having a crowded mourner's bench and a great many are being added to their congregation from conversion.

Sunday was a rainy and gloomy day. Still all the churches were well attended. Rev. Mr. Brown, of Ebenezer, preached a special sermon Sunday evening which drew a large crowd.

The 1st Baptist Church was also well attended. Services by the pastor.

Miss Neal, of West River, Maryland, is stopping with Rev. Mr. Dennis' family.

Mrs. Capt. Cornell will soon open a fancy store in the Fisher's new building, 28th, bet. O and P streets. She has the good wishes of the many friends for her success in her new enterprise. Mrs. Cornell is bound to prosper in her new business; her long experience of handling fine goods will give her superior advantages over many others in the same business.

Parents should take warning and see to it that their shooting instruments be kept entirely from their children. On Saturday afternoon near the Cor. of 27 and I streets n. w. while some boys were skylarking, William Henderson, one of their number was accidently shot and from the effects of the wound he died in less than four and twenty hours.

On Monday the 12th inst., about 4 o'clock, the several alarms were sounded which was quickly responded to by all of the Fire department in the District. The fire broke out in a two-story brick warehouse situated at the corner of 31st and Water-sts, which was occupied by Messrs. Jarboe, Kuhn & Rigeway as a cooper shop. Had it not been for the prompt attendance of the Fire department there might have been a fearful destruction in that vicinity.

Bethel Literary.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Rev. L. J. Coppin asked this question at Bethel Church as applied to the condition of the colored people, especially since their prospects had seemingly been blighted by an adverse decision of the United States Supreme Court. Some advise an appeal to the courts of law; others call upon our orators to appeal to the public sentiment of the country and revolutionize it in our favor; but his advice was not to rely either upon the lawyer or the agitator; he would have the colored people as a race *outgrow* their present disabilities. He would have them do this 1st educationally, 2nd financially, 3rd religiously, and when they had done this they would have no fears for adverse civil rights decisions. The revgrend gentleman in a plain, conversational way elaborated each of these points and by the frequent bursts of applause, with which he was greeted, it was an evidence that he had touched a popular chord.

Rev. B. W. Arnett General Secretary of the A. M. E. Church, being called on, opened the discussion by a most felicitous speech in which he indorsed the main points contained in the paper and in glowing terms referred to the rapid progress the colored people are making all over the land—doing what everybody else is doing—both the good and the bad.

Rev. W. H. Brooks followed Mr. Arnett. He said that the advice contained in the paper and by the last speaker was good so far as it went, but it did not afford the proper remedy for the millions of the south. The white people of that section did not care how intelligent, how thrifty, how moral a colored man was, they placed him below the position of the poorest and meanest white. What would most effectually give the Negro the scope and opportunity which he needs, and cause the white southerners to regard his rights, was a wholesale emigration to the West. Leave the South deserted, compel the whites to labor and it was possible that a beneficent result would follow.

C. J. Malord agreed with the preceding speaker that a recognition of our rights could not be enforced merely by education, wealth and religion. In the town of Danville colored merchants who did the business of $100,000 per annum, and citizens who have been esteemed for their intelligence and their integrity were at critical moments fugitives from their homes because of mob violence. He was opposed to emigration as a remedy. Let the Negro get out of politics, make money and make his way upward quietly.

J. R. Harris made a strong speech sustaining the position of Rev. Brooks.

Mr. Carter, of Tennessee, referred to the Civil Rights decision which he said the republican party had endorsed a position which he did not sustain.

Arthur Smith opposed emigration. If the Negro was poor at the south he would be the same at the west. He disparaged menial employments.

G. H. Richardson took a strong position in favor of emigration and farther said that it was the duty of the colored people of the North to organize, to the end that they might help their Southern brethren in this matter.

Col. Arnold thought that the remedy was the ballot. The Republican party needs no more time-servers or dark horses, but positive men who believe in protecting men on every inch of American soil as thoroughly as on some distant foreign shore.

Rev. Coppin briefly replied to the objections raised to his positions and Rev. Handy pronounced the benediction.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

On Making Preserves.

THE MODERN METHOD.—CARE TO BE TAKEN IN PLACING PRESERVES IN JARS.

To modern invention is entirely due the ease with which fruit can be preserved. It does not at all lie as much with the method of preparation as with the character of the jars. If the receptacle in which the most delicate fruit is kept can only be made air-tight, then the method of preserving food, whether it be fruit or meat, is accomplished. So true is this that providing there be only a small quantity of some antiseptic substance—sugar or salt—placed with perishable material, and there be a perfect vacuum in the vessel containing it, and no possible contact with the outer air, such material, theoretically, ought to keep decomposed forever.

Those of us who remember how the preserves of our mothers were made can recall the trouble they gave, and how uncertain were the results. Fruit always required a very large quantity of sugar and had to be cooked for a long time. Then came the filling into the jars, the layer of brown paper on the top soaked in brandy, and finally the last cover of strong paper tied on top.

Nous avons change tout cela. Still, the preparation of fruit needs some care. The use of a porcelain kettle for preserving purposes should always be preferred. With very sweet fruit a copper or bell-metal vessel may be used, but if the fruit is acid—and there is always malic and citric acid present—there is invariably some slight solution of copper in preserves, which, though possibly harmless, may as well be omitted.

The utmost care should be exercised in the selection of the fruit. It is often said by housekeepers, "When berries are very cheap then I will put them up," but the cheapest are by no means the best. Bruised fruit can never yield the fragrance which perfect berries or fruit alone can give.

As a general rule, with the admirable contrivances in the way of jars, which can be had anywhere, it is better to have the fruit as near as possible in its natural condition—or, in other words, not to cook it too much. Of course, with jams, it is different; they may be subjected to a thorough cooking, but when strawberries or raspberries are to be preserved whole, if proper care be taken, the chance of their spoiling, even when hardly cooked at all, is very slight.

Over-sugaring is quite as great a defect as over-boiling. Pound for pound of sugar to fruit is hardly a good rule to go by, because fruit differs so entirely in sweetness. While proper, perhaps, for currants, for almost all other fruits the preserves made by the pound-for-pound proportion becomes cloying. In large factories, where a business is made of preserving fruits, and where, in first-class establishments, admirable products are turned out, the quantity of sugar used is very small. There is, in fact, no art at all in making a sugary mess which has no flavor of fruit.

A fair rule in preserving sliced or whole fruit is to make a syrup of one and one-half pounds of sugar to one of water, which in volume should be about once and a half more than that of the fruit. Some very good authorities give two pounds of sugar to one pound of water, but from experiment the quantity we state has been found quite sufficient.

When fruit which is white and clear in color is wanted as a preserve, such as quinces or pears, the whole operation must be carried on as quickly as possible. Everything must be ready. Just as soon as the fruit is pared or sliced it must at once be cooked. The reasons are quite manifest. If an apple or potato is sliced and exposed to the air it darkens, a real process of oxidation going on, and the natural appearance of the fruit or vegetable is spoiled.

To place a preserve properly in a glass jar (of course we mean those with the most improved tops, which preclude the air from entering,) requires a little judgment. A great many preserves are lost every year from want of this knowledge.

The whole principle of preserving food depends upon creating a vacuum in the vessel—not that the vacuum does anything, but because a vacuum being produced we are absolutely certain that a minimum of air is present, and that the germs of fermentation are not present. Mold is a fungoid growth, and Pasteur explains how it is one of the elements which produce fermentation. For this reason, the contents put in a jar cannot be too hot. A very easy method of doing this is to place the clean jars, when empty, in a vessel of water, which is kept on the full boil while the fruit is introduced into these jars from the preserving kettle. To take the hot fruit from one vessel to the other without this precaution is to run a useless risk.

Take out the jar from the boiling water containing the preserve just as rapidly as possible, and when it is piping hot screw on the lid. A kind of wooden tongs, covered with cork, and sold in the shops, may be found useful. In some books the statement is made that a crust of mold found on the top of a preserve does no harm, as it can be removed. Moldy preserves are not always ruined, it is true, but it is the sign of a defective process, mostly giving more or less of a bad taste to the fruit.

As to the economy of putting up preserves at home, which question has been asked us, we should reply that to those who live in cities, the cost of home-made preserves may be greater than when they are bought; but home preserves are generally much better than those purchased in the shops. Of late years there can be no doubt that a great deal of glucose enters into the manufacture of the second-class preserves.

Emerson on Preaching.

I do not love sensation preaching—the personalities for spite, the hurrah for our side, the review of our appearances, and what others say of us! We come to church properly for self-examination, for approach to principles to see how it stands with us, with the deep and dear facts of right and love. At the same time it is impossible to pay no regard to the day's events, to the public opinion of the times, to the stirring shouts of parties, to the calamities and prosperities of our own town and country; to war and peace, new events, great personages, to good harvests, new resources, to bankruptcies, famine and desolations. We are not stocks or stones, we are not thinking machines, but allied to men around us, as really, though not quite so visibly, as the Siamese brothers. And it were inhuman to affect ignorance or indifference on Sundays to what makes our blood heat and our countenance dejected Saturday and Monday. No, these are fair tests to try our doctrines by and see if they are worth anything in life. The value of a principle is the number of things it will explain; and there is no good theory of disease which does not at once suggest a cure.

—Hon. A. A. Dodson was in town this week.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... { G. B. Anderson. G. W. Renfro
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be addressed THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Bhx 263, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M. Sts., N. W.
R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—The revival at Asbury still continues.

Rev. B. T. Tanner spent Saturday and Sunday here, preaching at Union Bethel.

—The concert at the Fifth Baptist hurch, Thursday evening was quite a success.

—The choir of Union Bethel is steadily making progress under the leadership of J. T. Layton.

—See advertisement of the Reception by the Centennial Club at Willard Hall, Monday night.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Rev. B. W. Arnett, General Secretary of the A. M. E. Connection, was in town this week.

—There are clothing thieves at Howard university. Detectives have been put on their track.

Do not forget the Sunday School Installation exercises to-morrow at the 19th Street Baptist church.

—Hon. Frederick Douglass speaks at the Bethel Literary next Tuesday night on The Philosophy of Reform.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—"Away, Away," has done service as a chorus for public school concerts for nearly ten years. Give it a rest!

—E. M. Hewlett was, on motion of Judge Jere M. Wilson, admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—The corner stone of the New Mt. Pisgah Building, corner of 10th and R Sts, will be laid with appropriate ceremonies on Thanksgiving Day at 3:00 P. M.

—Rev. J. A. Mulligan on Monday night solemnized the marriage of Miss Mary Jane Selvey to Mr. Henson Diggs at the residence of the bride's father on Capitol Hill. There was a very fashionable reception immediately held thereafter.

—H. B. Polkinhorn, the enterprising news dealer, has become convalescent. He takes special interest in pushing the sales of our different papers; among them the ADVOCATE, the New York Globe, the Detroit Plaindealer and the Louisville, Bulletin. As all of these latter papers have Washington correspondents who faithfully portray matters of interest to our community, Mr. Polkinhorn's establishment meets with a deservedly large share of our patronage.

—Last Sunday Rev. Brooks began the second year of his pastorate. After preaching and appropriate sermon entitled, "Pray for us," in which he enlarged on the duties of a church membership to its minister; and the need of the latter for the spiritual co-operation of the former and the singing of an anthem by the choir, he made a brief statement of the condition of the church. During the year it had made a net gain in membership of more th n fifty and realized more than $5 000, from all sources. The old church debt had been reduced a thousand dollars, and other improvements have been made. The church s in a fair state of prosperity.

The concert at Lincoln Hall, Friday night of last week, was a complete success. All did well, and yet it was demonstrated that Miss Jennie Collins has decided talent as a singer—"a Martha Lawrence of the future," that Master Smith has high possibilities as a violinist, and that Miss Georgie Gibbons possesses a phenomenal voice, somewhat after the style of the Black Swan, equally good in contralto and soprano. Master Walter Hayson deserves especial mention, both for his singing and his soldiery bearing. Of the choruses, Juanita was most excellently rendered. Miss Nalle was in a new role as accompanist, her brother, John Nalle, rendering occasional assistance. The concert was for a most commendable object, for which the corps cannot be too highly praised. The Autumn *Queen* by primary pupils, the music by Miss Lou Smith, divided honors with the Cadets. God bless our public schools and our teachers.

Many persons were unable to gain admission at the Bethel Literary Tuesday night. Rev. B. W. Arnett offered the invocation, Rev. Walter H. Brooks read a poem entitled "Foul Massacres," found elsewhere, and Rev. L. J. Coppin read the paper. Miss Georgie Gibbons gave an alto solo, "Too Late," in fine style, and in response to an encore "Rocked on the cradle of the deep." The singing of Miss Gibbons created a furore such as that of no other lady who has appeared in public this season. With careful and thorough training Miss Gibbons has a brilliant future before her.

There is a grand treat in store for our music-going public, Thanksgiving Evening. Madame Nellie Brown-Mitchell is so well known here that no special mention is required. The Orpheus Glee Club makes its debut on that occasion, and the reputation of i s members is sufficiently established to attrac a large crowd. See advertisement.

The Monday Night Literary Club.

A very successful meeting of the above named club was held last Monday evening at the residence of Miss Alice Strange, 506 P street N. W. The subject discu sed was "The Junius Letters," their authorship and their influence on English politics of the last century. Evidently the subrect had been thoroughly studied. Many interesting criticisms were made by the members. The club also adopted a complete programme, covering the subjects and scope of the discusslons for the series of meetings this winter. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Prof. Martha B. Briggs.

Let Us Patronize Him.

Mr. J. F. Page, a prominent grocer and solid Maine republican, keeps a grocery store at the corner of 13th and F-sts. He is the only grocer in this city who employs a colored man as salesman. Mr. Page employs Mr. H. E. Brown, an intelligent colored man as salesman and pays him as such. We think it is about time that such men should be singled out and patronized liberally by the colored people. We should learn to help those who show a disposition to help us. Let us purchase of Mr. Page and show that we appreciate his exceptional and manly conduct.

DR. S. A. SUMBY'S DRUG STORE.—Dr. Sumby has opened a first class drug store at the corner of 3rd and E streets S. W. In view of this fact the colored people should do much to encourage Dr. Sumby in his enterprise. They should put themselves to some inconvenience in order to assist a colored man to successfully compete with his white brother.

Among The Baltimoreans.

We are now having it quite cold; all seem prepared for the change. I have just returned from New Bedford, Mass. where people are inclined to take life quietly, to find that the election is over and people are again giving strict attention to business.

The *Colored Citizen*, a little campaign paper, has issued its last; the pleasan contribution by Daniel Murray, Esq. was a source of pleasure to many of the Baltimoreans.

St. Paul's Lyceum has been reorganized. Hon. Fred Douglass, B. K. Bruce and Prof. R. T. Greener, have been elected honorary members. It is the best association of the kind in the city. Many engagements and marriages are mentioned for the ensuing season—among them are rumored Mr. R. Louis James and Miss Bradford.

The Rev. and Mrs. Thomas, of New Bedford, Mass, who are new to this conference have been called to a beautiful little church at Centerville; Md.

The Sinking Fund Society, of St. Mary's church, will give a supper Thursday Nov. 22nd; there have been a great many tickets sold and it promises to be a very enjoyable affair.

NOTICE!
The Peoples' Book Store,
1727 7th St., N. W.

Has all the books used in Howard University, Wayland Seminary, the Public Schools, Grimes-Anderson Academy and Laws' Seminary. We buy old books or exchange them. We have Theological, Law and Medical books, and Stationery also on hand.

NEWS DEPOT.

New York Globe, Christian Recorder, National Monitor, PEOPLES' ADVOCATE. and the other city papers. Nov3-4t.

There is no virtue where there is no wisdom. A great, enlarged, protecting, and preserving benevolence has it, not in its accidents and circumstances, but in its very essence, to exterminate vice, and disorder, and oppression from the world. Goodness spares infirmity. Nothing but weakness is tender of the crimes that connect themselves with power, in the destruction of the religion, laws, polity, morals, industry, liberty, and prosperity of your country.—[Burke.

Courtship in Greenland.

There is something exceedingly melancholy in the accounts which are given of the custom of courtship in Greenland. Generally women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingness and less solicitude than men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenlander, having his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the parents are thus agreed the next proceeding is to appoint two female negotiators whose duty is to broach the subject to the young lady. This is a matter of great tact and delicacy. The lady ambassadors do not shock the young lady to whom they are sent by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of doing this they launch out in praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of the splendor of his house, the sumptuousness of his furniture, of his courage and skill in catching seals, and other accomplishments. The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of hair as she retires, while the ambassadresses, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with dishevelled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, until at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even by blows, to submit to the detested union. In some cases the Greenland women faint at the proposals of marriage; in others they fly to the mountains and only return when compelled to do so by hunger and cold. If one cuts off her hair it is a sign that she is determined to resist to death. The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery and privation.

The Cultivation of Celery.

To most persons, a stalk of crisp, white celery is an always welcome and delicious "relish." Those who have tried it find properly cooked celery equally pleasing to the palate. No more wholesome vegetable grows; and now that it is found to be not only gastronomically agreeable but of high medical virtue as a nervine, its popularity is constantly on the increase. There is no reason why every garden may not have a supply of this excellent vegetable; and *The American Cultivator* gives some seasonable hints on the best mode of cultivating it on a small scale. Those who only care to raise a little for their own use are advised to buy rather than raise the plants, as the cheaper way:

Land that was heavily manured in the spring and a naturally rich soil is the best adapted to this plant. A few years ago it was thought necessary to dig trenches in which to plant it; now, however, this is abandoned, but it requires very deep tillage, and it is best to draw two furrows, the same as for sugar-beets or mangolds, and set them in the bottom of the furrow. The land best adapted to it is a moist soil, as it is a salt-water plant.

The time to set it out is from the middle to the last of July. The rows should be from four to five feet apart, and the plants separated ten inches in the row. After the first of September the soil should be drawn up to the plants, to keep them compact as possible, and prevent the branches from spreading. The more and oftner they are banked up the better, so as not to cover the center shoot or bud; if this is covered the plant will be smothered. There are a number of different varieties in cultivation, but they differ less in celery than in any other vegetable. The excellence of this vegetable depends more upon culture than upon variety. About the last of October a trench is generally dug eighteen inches deep and twelve inches wide, in some dry place where water will not stand; the plant is then lifted with as much dirt around the roots as possible, that it may keep crisp, and it will continue to grow some. The row, when properly packed, should be covered with boards, over which a layer of straw or leaves should be laid to keep out the frost, and its preservation for winter use is secured.

Not Prepared for the Dance.

Lafayette, at the age of 20, left his young wife and flew to aid Washington. He loaded a ship with supplies which were mostly needed by American troops, and helped them with the prestige of his name, with scant military experience, and all the cash he could command. He not only drilled his soldiers, but clothed and fed them; and when his own means were exhausted he appealed to the generosity of others. When the ladies of Baltimere proposed to give a ball to the gallant young Frenchman, he said to them: "Ladies, I should be delighted to dance with you, but my soldiers have no shirts." The ball was postponed; and the belles of Baltimore made shirts for the soldiers.

GRAND CONCERT!
LINCOLN HALL,
Thanksgiving Evening
(Nov. 29, 1883.)

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OF BOSTON.
THE ENTRANCING QUEEN OF SONG!
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The "Orpheus Glee Club,"
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Under the Direction of DR. KIMBALL.
Cards of admission, including reserved seats 50 Cents. For sale at Henry Eberback's Music Store, 915 F Street, near Ninth.
H. F. GRANT, MANAGER.
Nov102t

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Music by Prof. Krause's Orchestra.
The management promise to make this the grandest affair of the season.
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COMBINATION CONTEST ENTERTAINMENT
AT WAYLAND HALL
I St. bet. 19th and 20th Sts., N. W.
ON THE EVENINGS OF
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21, 22, 23
BUTLER ZOUAVES
vs.
WEBSTER RIFLES.
The consolidation is the largest ever effected for such an occasion, and as it is for the benefit of the respective Companies, we are determined to make this the grandest affair of the season. Therefore, for the mirth and pleasure of our legions of friends we take great pleasure in offering the following extensive programmme:
On *Wednesday Evening*, November 21, at 9 o'clock, there will be a GRAND PRIZE CONTEST SQUAD DRILL by Eight Cracked Drillsmen of the Webster Rifles, known as the Lightning Drillers Capt. Primas, Commanding, *vs.* Eight Noted Drillsmen of the Butler Zouaves who who have borne off many honors.
On *Thursday Evening*, 9 30 o'clotk a Grand Banquet will be tendered the MONUMENTAL CITY GUARDS of Baltimore, Md., who will attend in full uniform.
On *Friday Evening*, at 9.30 o'clock, there will take place the Grandest Cake Walk ever witnessed in these parts; cake to contain $2,50 GOLD PIECE, for which none but noted walkers will contend.
Grand MILITARY PARADE on Wednerday evening at 4.30 o'clock, shary. All the Military Companies and lubs of the District are invited. The Webster Rifles will be represented on the left by three Beautifully Decorated Tables, provided with delicious delicacies; while the Butler Zouaves by three on the right with elegant substantials.
The Finest Music, vocal and instrumental, has been secured. Select Readings, etc.
ADMISSION Only 10 Cents.
Oct. 27, 4t.

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All of the new and fancy dances including the German will be taught. Receptions every Saturday 8 to 11 P. M.
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CHARLES HYATT, PROPRIETOR.
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Acme unfinished shirts.....75 cts. finished 90 cts
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Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear and Underwear, in correct styles, at popular cash prices.
816 F st. N. W. opposite Patent Office

THANKSGIVING SUPPER.
The Ladies of the Berean Baptist Church will give their Annual Supper on Thursday evening November 29, in their church, 18th St. bet. and M Sts., N. W. Tickets, 50 cents
Oct. 20 6t.

The National Benefit & Relief Association.
INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE DIST. OF COL.
This Association provides weekly benefit to Male and Female from $5 to $15 per week.
Certificates written up from $500 to $5.000,
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N. B. Responsible Agents wanted; liberal commissions paid.

Autumn & Winter, '83-4.
The fact that my efforts in the past, to produce none but Garments of the Highest Standard of Excellence, have been appreciated by my friends, as shown by my Large and Rapidly Increasing Business, has encouraged me to still Greater Exertions for the Fall and Winter Season. My Collection of
FINE FABRICS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR
is now Complete, and it will afford me pleasure to have you see what I think, as Large and Handsome an Assortment of New Goods as can be shown by any of the Best Houses in the Largest Cities. My Manufacturing Facilities have been Increased. I will be Prepared to Execute. All Orders Promptly. Samples Mailed on Application.
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Expenses from $4 to $10 per month.
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WEISNER UND DER DRUMMER

Who puts up at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysters on der schell,
Und hit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it comes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer

Who dakes me py der handt und say:
"Friend Weiser, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for peesness right avay?
Der drummer

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me: "Look; und see how nice
Und says I gets "der bottom brice?"
Der drummer.

Doze sugar, Lorillard's best,
Doze pants und coats, und fine plack vest;
Who makes me puy, und don't "gif me a rest?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
"Vrom Sharmany ubon der Rhine"
Und sheats me den dimes ond of nine?
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Much less as vat I could imbort,
But lets dem go, as he vas "scho
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goods to a
Der gustomers upon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas so goot
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I pen oudt;
Schmokes mine cigars und eats mine kraut,
Und kiss mine fraulein in der mout'?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Weiser has to say,
Und mit von big order goes avay.
Der drummer.

PRINTERS' INK IS KING.

There is a host of men who boast
Of powder, cotton, steam:
But every hour the mighty power
Of printers' ink is seen:
It moves the world as easily
As does some mighty thing,
And men proclaim in despot's ears
That printers' ink is king.

The man of gold, of wealth untold,
Printers' ink may scorn,
Or knit his brow, nor deign to bow
To one so lowly born:
But printers' ink has built its throne
Where mind its tributes bring,
And printers all the world around
Shout, "Printers' ink is king!"

King of the world of thought refined,
No abject slave it claims:
Where superstition's victims pined,
It burst their servile chains.
In every clime, in coming years,
Will men proud anthems sing.
And round the world the echoes float
That printers' ink is king.

Baby is Dead!

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the line; copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of all that those words may mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June dropped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose-leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in coffined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as trill of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoes half worn—dainty garments—shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound, snow-covered in some quiet graveyard.

A mother's groping touch, in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never again rest upon her besom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is Dead!"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those whom our careless pen stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.—[Telegraph Operator.

MARK TWAIN'S RECIPE FOR NEW ENGLAND PIE.—To make this excellent breakfast dish, proceed as follows: Take a sufficiency of water and a sufficiency of flour, and construct a bullet-proof dough. Work this into the form of a disk, with the edges turned up some three-fourths of an inch. Toughen and kiln dry it a couple of days in a mild but unvarying temperature. Construct a cover for this redoubt in the same way and of the same material. Fill with stewed dried apples; aggravate with cloves, lemon peel and shake of citron; add two portions of New Orleans sugar; then solder on the lid and set in a safe place till it petrifies. Serve cold at breakfast and invite your enemy.

Chinese Treatment of Animals.

They never punish: hence a mule that in the hands of a foreigner would be not only useless, but dangerous to every one about it, becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as quiet as a lamb and as tractable as a dog. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment; but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads, by means of a tur-r or cluck-k, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping with but a hint from the reigns. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed, without the aid either from a yelping cur or a cruel goad. Cattle, pigs, and birds are equally cared for.

TRAVELING STONES.—The curious traveling stones of Australia are paralleled in Nevada. They are described as almost perfectly round, and about as large as a walnut. When distributed about the floor, table or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling towards a common center, and there lie huddled up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released returns to the heap, but if taken away four or five feet remains motionless. They are composed only magnetic iron ore.

How to Wash.

THE METHOD OF DEALING WITH SOILED LINEN AND LACES.

As in everything else, so in washing clothes there is a right and wrong way to do it, and most people take the wrong way. The clothes are soaked over night, sometimes in hard water, a process which surely sets the dirt and other stains, and then, half-washed, are boiled, and boiled in the vain hope that the steam will extract the dirt. That clothes thus treated become yellow and dingy is small matter for wonder. It would be strange if they did not.

In washing clothes the right way, the water used is of great importance—soft water being much preferable to hard. Cistern or rain water is best, next comes river and soft spring water, while in the limestone regions far more labor and an extra quantity of soap are necessary to success. Therefore, the farmer who, while supplying himself with all the newest and most approved appliances for farming, fails to provide a cistern and pump in or near the kitchen for wash-day use, is, to say the least, blamably unmindful of the comforts of the women of his family. People who live in the country cannot have stationary tubs to be found in city houses, but there is no good reason why soft water for washing should not be at hand in all but the poorest houses; still it is not absolutely necessary.

The boiling of clothes is a wide-spread wash-day error. As we have already said, unless the clothes are well washed it sets the dirt and yellows them. For this reason all washing machines which depend on soaping the clothes, then boiling or steaming the dirt out, have proved failures. How many weak backs, how many female complaints may be traced to lifting the heavy wash boiler back and forth from the stove, it would be hard to say. It is altogether mistaken economy to buy low-priced soaps for laundry-work. In the first place more of them must be used; besides this, the injury done to the fabrics and colors by the strong chemicals which they contain far more than absorbs the small amount saved in first cost.

No soap which will injure the hands should ever be used for clothing; it is sure to do harm in the end.

The wringers, which were so hard to introduce, are now part of the regular washing apparatus in every well-regulated family. In order to use them properly, they must be kept well oiled and not set too tight. If they break off buttons it is the fault of the laundress. The clothes should be folded with the buttons inside, and thus pass through the wringer. Leave nothing in the "twist" from wringing, but shake out each piece before throwing into the basket and hang out as soon as the basket is full. Clothes should be on the line as quickly as possible after the rinsing in bluing water, or there will be danger of some streaks and cloudy-looking places when dry.

Much care should be taken to see that the clothes-pins are clean, and the clothes-line should always be wiped with a cloth before the clothes are hung upon it. If they—the clothes-lines—are left in the yard, instead of taking in after using, they will mildew and stain the clothes badly.

There is always a fashion in starching clothes. Now-a-days the fancy is for shirt bosoms and collars and cuffs as stiff as boards, while in all underclothing for ladies and children limpness is the prevailing mode. Fashionable dressmakers caution their customers not to have any starch spoken of put into chemises and corsets-covers, while stiffly-starched skirts are wholly out of style.

In ironing, it is of the first importance that the irons should be scrupulously clean. They should always be carefully wiped before putting away, and kept in perfectly dry places. Bees-wax and salt will make irons as smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper bag sprinkled with salt. The glaze given to collars and shirt bosoms at city laundries is done with a polishing iron, which is a flat-iron made of highly polished steel. The manner of polishing is to rub and rub the linen with this until it has the desired glaze is obtained, but it is terribly hard on the linen, and collars and bosoms so treated do not last long. A little spermaceti, or white dissolved gum arabic, added to the starch gives a gloss. Some laundresses use this for the same end, and we have known a high-priced laundress who buttered her starch, i. e., she added a slice of the best butter to every kettleful. Boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains; pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric, while soaking in milk before washing will always remove ink stains from any fabric.

Good Humor.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An especially good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and perplexities of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold about them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright side, especially its mirthful side. In such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to be witty or funny things, it is comfortable seeing what a brightener a little fun is, and make an effort to make some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes and to regard it from a humorous point instead of being irritated by it. "Now, what is the reason I never can find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good, but rather impatient husband after looking all through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then, with a comical look, she said, "I never guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her; and then she felt happy, and so what might have been the occasion for hard words and unkind feelings became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface.

Some people have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as well sometimes to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

A lady tells something that ought to have remained a secret with her sex. It is that a woman in choosing her lover considers a good deal more how the man will be regarded by other women than whether she loves him herself. That statement is not borne out by appearances, at least.

Supporting the Guns.

HOW FIELD BATTERIES COME INTO ACTION.

Did you ever see a battery take position? It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box has been emptied once more, and a fourth of a brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you count thirty, and the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rocks or logs, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill as if he who reaches it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns!" We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, and we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one beat—misses just one cog in the wheel—and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off—to mow great gaps in the bushes—to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form for a rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling, grapeshot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath, and pile the dead upon each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screames and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws men into the vamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than three thousand muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood—every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Parrots.

Parrots are so very disagreeable to most people who count themselves well regulated that these probably have no idea how many of the squawking birds are imported into the country for sale. Thousands are disposed of annually, and the demand is said to be growing. In the large cities, like Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans, they find a ready market, and also in many of the minor towns. New England is reputed to have a prejudice against parrots which is hardly equalled by any other section.

The people of the Southern states generally like them more than those of the Northern states do, but they are far greater favorites with foreigners, as a rule, than they are with Americans. The best, or least bad, parrots are brought hither from the Windward or Southern Carribbee Islands. They build their nests in the royal palmetto tree, finding or digging a hole there after the manner of the woodpecker, and so ensconcing themselves that it is necessary often to cut the tree down in order to capture the young. These are put into cages, fed on palmiche, guava and bananna for a few months, when they will eat anything. The breeding time is May; there are rarely more than three to the nest, and they reach their full growth in eight months.

Almost any parrot can learn to talk if placed where it can hear talking when young, for its power of imitation is instinctive. It seldom forgets what it has once been taught, a peculiarity which makes a parrot that has been instructed in profanity a very undesirable companion for a pious family. Indeed, its love for the improper and interdicted seems to be so inbred that some people have thought it endowed with human attributes. The parrot is indigenous to warm parts of America, Asia, Africa, and Australia. The only clearly ascertained species within the boundaries of the Republic is the Carolina parrot.

Wetting Lead Pencils.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason—unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. This fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down east.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of fifty persons who came into his office to write an advertisement or a church notice, forty-nine wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or his sword, and it hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business considerations require him to lend his pencil scores of times a day. And often after it had been wet till it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him.

Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman, whose breath smelt of onions and whisky. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog.

Then a sweet-looking young lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best Faber pencils, but he was too late.

And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and stations, and all degrees of cleanliness and uncleanliness. But we forbear. Surely no one who reads this will ever again wet a lead pencil.

How the Chinese Make Dwarf Trees.

We have all known from childhood how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them keepers at home; but how they contrive to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower pots for half a century has always been much of a secret. They aim first and last at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as much as may be consistent with the preservation of life. Take a young plant—say a seedling or cutting of a cedar—when only two or three inches high, cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on a stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So likewise is the application of light and heat. As the Chinese pride themselves on the shape of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires, and pegs and various other mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of habit or to fashion their pets into odd fancy figures. Thus, by the use of very shallow pots, the growth of the tap-root is out of the question; by the use of poor soil and little of it, and little water, any strong growth is prevented. Then, too, the top and side roots being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by his pruning knife or seared with his hot iron. So the little tree, finding itself headed on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth, asking only for life, and just life enough to look well. Accordingly each new set of leaves become more and more stunted, the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion, and at length a balance is established between every part of the tree, making it a dwarf in all respects. In some kinds of trees this end is reached in three or four years; in others ten or fifteen years are necessary. Such is fancy horticulture among the Celestials.—*The Technologist.*

On the Subject of Roads.

The public roads of a district show the spirit and enterprise of the people in the district to a certain extent, and all will admit that good public roads add to the value of the land as much, if not more, than anything of equal cost. A bad road means a small load with great wear and tear to wagon and team, and bad roads are the complaint generally. Why? First, they are badly drained and not enough work done on them; second, there is but little thought given to making roads, and the work is often done late in the fall; third, men plow and scrape more than there is any need of, and make a narrow, poor road when they get through. It is cheaper to make a good wide road when the land will permit, than a narrow one, from the fact that in making a wide one you simply bring the dirt from the ditches upon the road bed, which should never be plowed up or disturbed. A public road should be 35 feet from outside to outside of ditches, highest in the center, and curving gradually to the outside of the ditches. The road bed (that is the part between the inside of the ditches) should be 25 feet wide. The ditches should be 5 feet wide and one foot deep on the outside, and deeper, if necessary, with sufficient grade to draw off the water, otherwise there will be a bad, muddy road. Now with such a road the bed is solid, and the soil scraped on top will soon pack and become hard. There is no danger in being tipped over, and travel is not obliged to follow in a single rut, as it must in a narrow road. Dry roads mean good ditches. To fill up mud holes without draining is simply putting in more dirt to make more mud.

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Casual thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove the key to open for us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or a yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs it.—[John Foster.

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New Orleans Women.

The New Orleans woman proper is a Gallic American, or rather an American Gaul. She may never have been out of the country, or even out of the state; but for all that she is an alien to the republic in the sense that she has little knowledge of it and less care for it and its affairs. If Creole, or Creole descent or affinity, she reads French newspapers, has French habits and opinions, and she is essentially French in mind and manner. She talks English, though she thinks in French; she is an inhabitant of the United States, but a citizen of Louisiana, especially of its metropolis, most of her grand outings being to adjacent parishes. Once in a while she may go to St. Louis or Mobile, or Charleston, or New York, but if she does it is a memorable event, and she regards it as a Chicagoan, Bostonian or New Yorker would regard the circumnavigation of the globe, a journey to the interior of Afghanistan or the heart of Africa. Should the New Orleans woman be young, especially should she be unmarried, she may be graceful, though rarely slender in figure, for plumpness and roundness comes very early with her. She is usually a brunette. Her manners are, as a rule, superior to her person. It is marvelous what she can achieve with a bit of lace, half a yard of ribbon or a few flowers. The New Orleans woman is not very substantially educated, but such education as she has she can put to the best advantage.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Spend Your Money at Home.

It is your home; you cannot improve it much by taking your money away to invest. There is no way of improving a place so much as by encouraging good merchants, good schools and good people to settle among you, and this cannot be done unless you spend your money at home, for there is where you get it. Spend your money at home, because when it is necessary to get credit it is of your own town merchants you have to get it, and they must wait for the money. Spend your money at home. It will make better business for your merchants. They can and will keep better assortments, and sell at lower rates than if the only business they could do was to credit out, while the money goes to other places. Spend your money at home. Set the example now. Buy your dry goods, groceries and meat in town, and you will see a wonderful change in a short time in the business outlook of the place; therefore deal with your merchants at home. Your merchants are your neighbors and your friends; they stand by you in sickness—are your associates. Without your trade they cannot keep up business. No stores, then no one waiting to buy property to settle on and build up the place.

It sometimes takes an immense quantity of iron to kill a man in battle. At the bombardment of Callao by the Chilian fleet, the Chilians carried two 70-pound rifled cannons two 500 pound Rodman smooth-bores, four 300 pound rifles and one 450 pound Armstrong rifle, and fired 120 rounds into the town with no more serious result than damaging a few buildings and wounding a half dozen citizens, and none of them seriously. There must have been some tall dodging, though.

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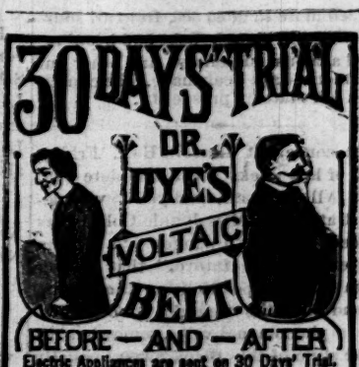
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